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d.

The Dream of Love.

ave seen a buble blown into its cir- and indescribable beauty; on its ant surface were painted the most table pictures of light and life: ful clouds floated in the bosom of sky, a tiny sun irradiated the lit- orld, and cast all the magic of light ade over a landscape of most be- ng splendor. A creation, bright uet could imagine, glowed before but a wave of air broke the spell transatory, but beautiful existence, was gone. It was like a dream of If there is one happy being in n, it is the lover in the luxury of sionary aspirations—if there is a blissful moment, like a star spark- in the shadowy firmament of life, it which discovers a long nourished *m to be* mutual.

e moon, as she rides on through nfinity of space, has not a greater t upon the oceantide, than has the n of love upon the tide of human ght—now permitting it to settle into a state of temporary tranquili- gain bidding it heave and swell, by magic of its viewless power. With- t, what would be the world? As a ion without light; yet, possessing we do, how does it discompose the rest plans of reason? How do the st bulwarks of stern philosophy down and disappear before the fra- ce of its breath? It is the poetry of ght, when reason slumbers on her ly throne, or wanders away in happy ms. It is scarcely to be defined, for ems in a perpetual halo of soft which dazzles, while it fascinates ind's eye. It is to the spirit what ine is to the flower—luring the ance from its bosom, and bringing ll the energies of its young nature, the hand of beauty to the slumber- ute passing over the silent chords, it doth discourse most eloquent c."

had a young friend, just rising into hood—fiery and unsettled as the or-steed in battle, his career was ided by prudence or thought. A failing flow of spirits made him al- agreeable—he was full of sense & He could bring a tear into your before the smile had left your lip— as all hope and happiness.

ddenly he stood before me an alter- cing—his eye had grown mel ancho- d full of meditation. Its moisture often succeeded by a flash; and its fire extinguished in the trembling tear. shunned the rude clamour of the ing world, and would steal away some solitary recess, and in the still e of the forest ponder on the sweet- of his own sorrow. His mind be- almost a world of itself, and thou- of visions rose obedient, at the call reative thought—his soul, lifted on fancy's wing, would explore, in ild and beautiful career, the fathom- regions of imagination, through all ariety of its magnificent domain.— loved—deeply, devotedly. It was e than love; it was adoration. The ct of his passion was all that woman d be. There is no object, in all tion, half so splendid as such a being e charms that are diffused through whole universe seemed gathered to- er in her.

hen the sun is going down in the , he leaves behind him a track of ht light, but it is insipid when com- d to the light of her eyes. The rance of the rose was not so delicious as the warmth of her breath—music could wake no melody like the thrilling tones of her voice. Her motion was more graceful than the heave of the sea, or the change of the cloud, and the magic of mind, gleaming through all her words, and looks, and actions, shed around her a charm more grateful than Arabian incense.

No wonder my hero bowed down before her; no wonder that the sound of her voice was always in his ear, that her image was before him in his daily occupations, and bore a part in the mysterious changes of his dream. There was no affection in her nature, and she confessed she loved him—they seemed created for each other—and who would have believed that fate—but I am digressing.

There is something very melancholy in the reflection that any woman can die; but to *him* that *she* should perish, was the very agony of despair. He had left her for a few days, intending when he returned to have asked her hand.—On the morning of his return, he sprung into the stage-coach, in a most delicious reverie. He held no discourse with his fellow-passengers, but wrapped himself up in a rich dream of anticipation. His heart was full of happiness. He thought himself, as he entered his house, *too* happy for a mortal man. He was preparing to pay her the first visit, and dwelling in his mind on her pleasing welcome, when her brother came to see him—he did not observe any thing peculiar about him at first, and not till the warm, affectionate shake of the hand was over, did he notice that his eyes were filled with tears, and a dismal, gloomy, black crape hung from his hat—He started and in a hollow voice, that had a desolate dreariness in every tone, he said "Elizabeth is dead!"

At first he was not comprehended. A vacant horrid laugh, that echoed strangely through the still room, was his only answer—then he repeated the words, and the features of my friend became pale and motionless as marble—then he sat down in a chair, and covered his face with his hands, but not a word—a breath broke the silence. There was something alarming in his calmness; it seemed like the silence of the heavy black cloud just before it launches its destructive lightning from its bosom. He beckoned and wished to be alone. He was left in solitude. I would not profane the subject by any attempt at describing his feelings. There was a dark, horrible confusion in his mind, like some accursed dream glaring around him, and the night rolled away its long hours of sleepless agony.

The next day was the funeral; and when the sun rose in his same glory, and all the "pomp and circumstance" of day began to beam upon the face of nature, and the merry voice of man sometimes came upon the breeze, and the carts rattled rudely along, and all around was business, and adventure, unaffected by the great event that had come like an ocean of scorching fire upon the paradise of his heart—he recollected and he said, "to-day is her funeral—her funeral!" His benumbed mind dwelt upon the words, but there was something undefined, almost incomprehensible in them. She was to be buried at five in the afternoon. The clock struck four—he put on his hat, and went steadily to her house. He thought twenty times he heard her sweetly-toned, laughing voice, as he passed along. He turned his head once or twice to see if she was not at his shoulder, but there was nothing, and he walked on. He saw the house, and his eye sought every window—but Elizabeth was not there. He rang the bell—the servant came, weeping—he looked at him and walked on—he passed into the parlour—the chair which she had occupied, when he was there before, was standing in the very same place—and there was her piano—he almost thought he heard music—he listened; a sob from the next room came like ice upon his heart, and he sat down. Her mother came into the room—her face was serene in grief, but the first burst was over, and she was comparatively calm She asked him if he would look at the corpse. He knew she was dead, but the blunt question shook every nerve in his frame, and seemed to breathe death upon his soul. He arose and followed the bereaved mother. There was the air of death in the apartment and a varnished coffin was on the table, a white cloth flung carefully at the head; a few friends sat and wept in silence, musing on the Beauties, and virtues of the being they were about to consign to the cold earth. He walked up to the table, and stood as still, and pale, and motionless, as the form that lay stretched before him. He would have torn away the veil that covered that face, but he could not—he felt that he might as well have attempted to heave a mountain from its rocky base. The mother saw—she felt—a mother can feel—and she silently uncovered that beautiful countenance.—It broke upon him in all its loveliness.—There was the same white forehead—the sleeping eye—the cheek that he had kissed so fondly—the lips that had spoken such sweet sounds; he gazed at her corpse with intensity of thought. Her living image was before him—he saw her smiling—he beheld her in the graceful motion—now her figure passed before him, beautiful in the mazy dance—and now he gazed into her full black eyes and read unutterable things. He had a ring on his finger, a present from her—he tried to speak—he looked at the ring, then at her—agony swelled his heart; he gave one long gaze—and looked no more.

He knew not how, but he stood by her grave; and they were bearing the coffin toward the dark narrow pit—a heap of fresh earth was piled at its side. Some one said, "Where are the cords?" He heard the answer, "here they are;" and then the coffin was gradually let down into the bottom of the grave—It sat firmly on the ground and he heard a voice say, "there, that is right—draw up the rope" Then there was the sound as if the orders were obeyed—in the act of doing it, a few grains of sand and pebble dropped upon the coffin—then all was still—then a handful of soft, damp, heavy clay, was shovelled down. Oh, that sound! that solemn, dreary, sound of utter desolation!' It broke, the horrid spell that kept his voice silent and his eye dry—his lips began to quiver—a sob heaved his aching breast large tears gushed from his eyes—he stretched out his hands in an agony of weeping —— and grasped an old quaker gentleman's nose, in the stagecoach, where he was sleeping, and gave occasion for Obadiah to observe.

"Verily, friend, when thou hast sufficiently amused thyself with my nose, perhaps thou wilt return it to its rightful owner."

The whole horrible creation of his fancy passed away like a mist; his heart bounded within him, & he soon took sweet revenge upon those wicked lips that had been so cold and still, yet so beautiful, in the darkness of his dream.

From the Salem Observer.

Thanksgiving—A Tale.

In one of the small interior towns of N. England, where the superstitions of our ancestors still possess strong hold on the minds of the people, the *facts* occurred a few years since on which the following tale is founded.

An honest farmer and his family preparing to celebrate Thanksgiving, at his wife's father's in an adjacent town, were hurried and confused extremely on the day preceding that festival, by the multiplicity of things which must be done before they could leave home with safety. The house was to be *banked up*, and the gleanings of the harvest, cabbages, turnips, &c. put into the cellar, that the external entrance thereto might be closed for the season. Having carried in the vegetables, the boys were despatched to the barn for straw to fill the passage way, while the good man himself was busied on the opposite side of the house. An old ram, the horned patriarch of a large flock of sheep kept on the farm, having got a taste of some of the scattered leaves of the cabbages, unobserved entered the cellar and silently continued his feast. The avenue through which he had entered was immediately closed up, and all the necessary work and arrangements being completed, the larger boys and girls set off on foot in high glee, the dog running and barking before them apparently as well pleased with going to Grandpapa's as any of the happy group.

Soon after the parent pair and their little ones, having put out the fire and fastened the doors and windows, by means of many curious contrivances to keep out thieves, started on the same destination.

In the afternoon of the day following the festival, which had been kept under the paternal roof with many devout and jovial exercises, the family returned home accompanied by some of their young cousins—Some of their youthful neighbors of both sexes were invited in, and a merry thanksgiving carousal was in the full tide of successful operation, when one of the boys, who had been sent into the cellar, with a little *tow wicked* candle, which gave just light enough to make darkness visible, to draw cider, ran back into the room with eyes glaring wildly, uttering a half suffocated exclamation—the *Devil is in the cellar!* "Poh," said the father," you have only been frightened by your own shadow—give me the light." On which he seized the candle, leaving the candlestick clenched fast in the shaking hand of the boy and boldly rushed to the celler stairs but ere he had descended half the steps, the large saucer eyes and enormous horns of the beast caused him to retreat as much terrified as his son —"*sure enough the devil is in the cellar.*"—The utmost confusion and uproar now prevailed in the house—The good man seized the great bible and attempted to read, but the candle *sputtered*, burnt blue and threw so feeble a light on the sacred page, and the book tremble so much in the hands of the reader, that he could not distinguish one word from another.—The little children cried and clung to their mother—the lasses nestled close to their favorite swains—and the whole house shook with the agitation of its half demented inhabitants. One bright thought however occurred—a messenger was despatched for the minister," *to lay the Devil.*"

The Parson, a man more celebrated for *good nature*, piety and credulity, than for talents or heroism, slipped the small bible into his pocket, put on his band and surplice, that he might appear as formidable to his great adversary as possible, and hastened to the relief of his distressed parishioners.

On coming to the house the reverend man was hailed as a deliverer, and implored by at least a dozen voices at once "to drive the devil away."—But few moments were lost in asking questions, which no one could answer, before the Parson was pushed forward as a leader, lighted by the same penurious candle into the cellar, the most courageous of the company keeping close behind him. When he reached the foot of the stairs, the eyes of fire and the shadowed outline of enormous horns, magnified ten fold at least by the terrors of those that beheld them, removed all doubt if any had previously existed in his mind, as to the infernal nature of the being with whom he had to contend. The divine instantly fell on his knees, and with uplifted hands began to pray in the most fervent manner. The ram not understanding the good man's motives, but supposing by the motion of his hands, that he was daring him to a butting contest, made a pass with all his might at his supposed adversary; but deceived by the swelling dimensions of his drapery missed the slender body of the priest, and drawing hastily back to renew the assault, hooked one of his horns into the belt of his surplice, and pulled the Parson with him into the cellar. While thus in the power of his victorious foe, lost to hope as it regarded himself, the natural benevolence of his disposition burst forth in the exclamation, "*Brethren take care of yourselves, the Devil has got me!*" This exhortation was better obeyed than any that he had ever delivered from the pulpit, his friends fled and left him to his fate.

Among the company, was a shrewd young farmer, who had from the first supposed the fiend nothing more than some domestic animal, but being a lover of fun and willing to see a comedy, he kept his thoughts to himself, & pretended to sympathise with the others in their fears. He now thought it time to interfere and snatching a pitch pine knot blazing from the fire, expressed his determination to rescue the priest or perish in the attempt. A lovely young damsel laid hold of the skirts of his coat—and the cry of don't don't, proceeded from every part of the room. Unheading this kind concern for his safety he rushed into the cellar, seized the ram by one of his horns and dragged the struggling animal up stairs, calling on the astonished parson "follow me." The horned devil was led in triumph followed by the vanquished Ecclesiastic into the midst of the company. A momentary silence and hanging down of heads ensued. The past scene however was too ludicrous to admit of sober reflection, and loud peals of laughter burst forth from every side, during which the ram was turned out at the door, the parson absented himself without ceremony, and the sports of the evening were resumed with better spirits than before.

O. L.

An English publication says, 'By improvements in machinery, marble can now be sawed and polished by the aid of steam and pressure: a steam engine of thirty horse power is found capable of producing, within twelve hours, a greater quantity of wrought marble, in sawing and polishing for pilasters, &c. than can be effected by one hundred workmen under the old process of manual labor, in the same space of time.'—[*Phil. Gaz.*

GAMES OF HAZARD.

Observe the appearance of the novice on his first introduction to the hazard table; well dressed, a gold watch, &c. in his pocket, his shirt ornamented with a gem, and perhaps, on his fingers two or three showy valuable rings: Soon after the scene changes; the watch disappears, his little ornaments follow, his clothes, by degrees, become shabby, and his coat appears buttoned up to the throat either to hide his linen or the want of it; and he is, at last, thankful for being admitted in to the house to partake of some refreshment sparingly served out by an impudent scoundrel of a waiter, who at first treated him with cringing obsequiousness: Such is the certain result of hazard.

[*The St. Jame's Gulde.*

A gentleman sat down to write a deed, and began with "known one woman by these presents"—"You are wrong," said a bystander, "it ought to be, known all men."—"Very well, answered the other, if one woman knows it, all men will of course."

From a Ladies Port Folio.

MODESTY.—An acute Frenchman has remarked, that the modest deportment of a really wise man, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorants, may be compared to the different appearance of *wheat*, which, while its ear is empty holds up its head proudly; but as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down and withdraws from observation.

MORAL.

From Snowden's Advocate.
SUNDAY.

The daily occurrences of a week of business absorb the mind so much, that were it not for the regular return of the Sabbath, the majority of human beings would nearly forget that any thing else was necessary in this world, but money when it is needed, provisions when hungry, clothing to cover us, or luxuries to feed our pampered appetites. But christianity has consulted the wants of man, and the weakness of his nature, by the institution of one day in seven. How happy the virtuous mind must feel, to escape from the trammels of a bad world to one day of sober reflection, of pious indulgence, or of religious consolation! The mariner who, after a week of storms and gloom, happens to spend one day on the sunny shore of some verdant island that rises out of the main, cannot feel more grateful for his good fortune, than he who, having weathered the misgivings of the week, sits down in his own pew in his own church, and joins in the service and praise of his MAKER.

Fear guides more to their duty than gratitude: for one man who is virtuous from the love of virtue, from the obligation that he thinks he lies under to the giver of all, there are ten thousaand who are good only from the apprehensions of punishment. Could the last be persuaded, as the Epicureans were, that heaven had no thunders in store for the villain, they would no longer continue to acknowledge subordination, or thank that Being who gave them existence.

Good Advice.—A late Dover Gazette says that one of the reverend gentlemen of that town, in the course of a Fast-day sermon, gave the following excellent piece of advice.

"If," said the preacher, "the young gentlemen were more frequently to mingle with the virtuous young ladies of the town instead of hovering round grog shops and gaming tables, it would, in time, have a beneficial tendency in weaning them from many of their vicious practices, and thereby render them more respectable members of society."

Late from England.

The packet ship Brighton, Capt. Sebor, arrived at New-York on Saturday from London, whence she sailed on the 6th of May. By this vessel we have received London papers to the evening of the 5th.

To the Editors of the New-York Daily Advertiser.

Ship Brighton 10th June, 1826.

"Enclosed I send you a list of consignees and passengers, together with a file of papers, to the 6th ult In addition to the intelligence which they contain, I receivd a letter from London at the moment of sailing, stating that affairs were more tranquil in the disturbed districts, and that on the 3d improvement had taken place in the price of cotton at Liverpool, of 3-4d per lb. and altogether they worked more cheerful.

While lying at Cowes, two days previous to sailing, intelligence was received there, that an Indiaman from Calcutta had passed up the channel, bearing information of the conclusion of the Burmese war, and that the principal articles in the treaty of peace were the session of six provinces, and the payment of a million sterling to the British government.

"You may perhaps feel interested in hearing that we fell in with large quantities of ice, between latitudes 44 20, and 43 42, and longitudes 47 30 and 51. Some of the icebergs were aground on the banks, in 35 fathoms water, which retarded our progress considerably."

PARIS, MAY 5.

Letters from Constantinople, of April 7, say that a courier from St. Petersburg had arrived on the night of the 4th, at the residence of Minziaski, and it was reported that he was the bearer of a categorical declaration from the Emperor Nicholas, in which that Monarch insists on the necessity of terminating the differences between Russia and the Porte. The Emperor demands the re-establishment of the privileges of the two principalities, as well as the immediate sending of Turkish Commissioners to settle, in concert with Russian negotiators, the difficulties which have so long existed between the Porte and Russia. Six weeks is fixed for the answer.

The German papers assert positively that Russia is about to interfere in behalf of the Greeks.

Letters from Ancona, dated 15th of April mention Admiral Miaulis had succeeded in again provisioning Missolonghi, and the Greeks had retaken Vasallada.

The English papers confirm the account of the loss of the British brig of war Algerine, with the whole of her crew.

The Vienna papers mention that Ibrahim Pacha was before Missolonghi on the 10th of March. Gen Adam had a conference with Ibrahim for two hours in his tent, soliciting him to allow the women, children and old men to leave Missolonghi unmolested. Ibrahim declared himself ready to do this, if the Missolonghi was surrendered and the garrison laid down their arms. The proposal was rejected, and the fortress was left to its fate.

An article from Odessa, dated 11th of April, mentions that the independence of Greece would soon be recognised by England.

The Berlin State Gazette contains an invitation from Dr. Hoffeland, Counsellor of State and physician to the King, for the inhabitants to come forward and subscribe for the relief of the Greeks. The Clergy are called upon to aid in the Christian work of Charity. Three of the Clergy had assumed a similar notice.

CORFU, April 3.

Ibrahim in the last attack had combined all his preparations in a manner which promised decisive success.

A considerable force was ordered to advance by land, while 300 boats and small craft, with 3,000 men on board were to attack on the sea side. An attack on this point at first succeeded, and the Egyptain troops, after having surmounted all the obstacles that the nature of the ground presented, penetrated to the custom house.

But, on the other hand, the Greeks had prepared every thing to receive the enemy courageously. Intrenched behind a long line of hogsheads filled with sand, which extended from the custom house to the mills, they had planted their cannon there, and from behind this rampart kept up a brisk fire upon the enemy's troops.

On both sides the battle was obstinate and terrible; but the resistance of the inhabitants and of the garrison was so intrepid, and the carnage of the Egyptians, commanded by Ibrahim in person, so frightful, that they were at length obliged to retreat in disorder; the massacre was dreadful; part of the boats fell a prey to the flames, and the troops on board perished in the fire. Several others ran aground. Scarcely 500 men escaped on the sea side this terrible disaster. The troops on the land side had the same fate. Ibrahim received in the battle a mortal wound.

It was at that very moment that the arrival of Fabvier, Botzaris, Gouras, and Karaiskaki was announced, with about 8,000 men, regular and irregular. A corps of Turkish troops, under the command of Mehemet Redschid Pacha, was immediately directed against them; but it was surrounded and destroyed, and Mehemet Redschid, the commander, made prisoner.

Second letter from Corfu, April 4.

I have the pleasure to announce to you the happy news of the death of the famous Ibrahim. This news has been brought to-day officially from Prevesa, to which place three Tartars had been despatched to fetch surgeons, who did not find him alive.

Ibrahim, in the attack on Missolonghi, seeing his troops discouraged, and in part destroyed by the fire of the Greeks, rushed towards the ramparts of the place with his sabre in his hand, at the head of some men whom he had been able to rally; but a Greek having perceived him, took a good aim at him, and he fell on the spot.

Other letters from Zante, by way of Trieste, confirm the defeat of Ibrahim.

Still Later.

By the Congress, Capt. Kinsman, from Cowes, London newspapers to the 6th May, with corresponding dates from the continent, have been received at Merchants' Hall.

Measures, it will be seen, were taken in England, by Parliament & individuals, to relieve the distress of the suffering poor who have been thrown out of employ by the suspension of work in the manufacturing districts. Numerous details are given of riotous proceedings, but we are glad to see that there was a probability of a stop being put to the wanton destruction of property, which had presented such threatening appearances.

Upon the subject of the late continental war rumors, the Public Ledger of the 6th May says—

"The German newspapers, as well as the French, continue to probability of a rupture between Russia and the Porte; & it is only strange that there is not a demonstration on the part of a single European Cabinet, to countenance this opinion. Whilst an approaching war is the prevailing topic with the former, the latter are apparently as quiet as in times of the most settled tranquility; and in the military department of every state there is the same repose visible as in the political. If the public journals, however, are right in their warlike conclusions, we only say that the different powers betray an unaccustomed degree of apathy; for formerly they would have been all in a state of the greatest bustle upon a less important occasion. The Porte too evinces an unaccountable inaction, as all its energes, it is well known, are directed against the Greeks, whilst it has not taken a single measure as yet to defeat the hostile designs of Russia. On the part of the latter too the warlike preparations, supposing them to exist, are conducted with such a wonderful degree of secrecy, as to have hitherto eluded the lynx eyed vigilance of European diplomacy. We are well aware that intelligence has reached town, in the course of the present week, of the departure of the greater part of the garrison of St. Petersburgh for the south; but it announces that the troops, consisting of several regiments of infantry and cavalry of the Imperial Guards, are to make part of a gay pageant, and not of a warlike expedition. They are to assist at the coronation at Moscow, instead of proceeding to cut the throats of the Turks; and in the mean time the rest of the Russian army is as quiet as possible in its cantonments; and we would defy a professed alarmist to draw from the present aspect of that empire even a faint inference of a hostile character.

It appears, however, that the Court of St. Petersburg has taken decided steps to terminate the uncertainty, which for these five years has marked its relation with the Porte. In this course it seems to be guided wholly by a desire to consolidate peace, and not from a wish to violate it. Russia is, probably, anxious to see her old intercourse, commercial and political, re-established with Turkey; and has for this purpose made new and earnest overtures to the Porte, based of course upon the stipulations contained in successive treaties respecting Moldavia and Wallachia. These proposals have not only the concurrence of the other great Powers, but will be backed by them with all their influence; and the result, therefore, may be easily anticipated. This we believe is the real state of the pending negociations between Russia and the Porte. With respect to the war between the Turks and Greeks, we think it highly probable that Russia, declines all direct interference, as a question more properly European than Russian.

Mr. Canning, with a view to alleviate the present severe suffering of the unemployed poor, has offered a resolution in the House of Commons for the repeal of the existing Corn laws, the measure if adopted, to cease with the necessity which called for its adoption. Mr. C. stated that the resolution passed for liberating bonded Corn had had the happiest effect, and had done more towards tranquilizing the irritation of the public mind in the disturbed districts, than would the presence of a large military force. The repeal of the corn laws will throw open that important trade.

According to accounts from Vienna, the Emperor of Austria has despatched Count Wimpfer to Constantinople to solicit the Porte to comply with the ultimatum of Russia.

2000 officers in the French army, disgusted at the conduct of ministers, have solicited leave to retire.

The news that Missolonghi held out is given on the authority of a correspondent of M. Delessert, the respectable Paris banker.

The expenses of the Duke of Devonshire's mission to Russia are estimated at 30,000*l*.

The Menagerie at Exeter 'Change is to be removed to and occupy five acres of the Regent's Park.

The contributions in London for the relief of the unemployed poor amount to 12,000*l*.

The number of workmen and their families out of employment in Dublin, in the silk, cotton and woolen trades, is estimated at 20,000 persons.

The Colossal Lion to be erected on the field of *Waterloo* is finished; it is 13 feet high and 17 feet long.

Mr. Kean, it is mentioned, has remitted to England 2,000*l* as a portion of his profits in America.

The ship Congress, at Boston, brought London papers of the 6th of May. The following is the only extract given in the Boston Evening Gazette of Saturday.

The Resolution introduced by Mr. Canning, modifying the Corn Laws, passed the House of Commons on the 5th of May. The resolution adopted is "that it is expedient to place a power in the hands of the Crown to permit, by and with the advice and consent of his privy council, the entry of Foreign Corn for home consumption, at such duty as might be specified in an act of Parliament founded upon this resolution and to be passed the present session." This resolution goes the length of repealing in effect the existing Corn Laws. The object is to open the ports for the importation of Foreign Corn to the amount of 500,000 quarters. The law to last only two months.

THE GREEKS.

We think (says the Norfolk Herald,) our readers may safely set down for true the late cheering news from the Greeks. The N. York Evening Post, in addition to the various confirmatory accounts by the late arrivals from England, of the important victory of Missolonghi, contains the following:—

"*Victory of Missolonghi.*—Some doubts have been expressed in several distant papers whether the accounts of the great victory obtained by the Greeks at Missolonghi, are not fabricrtions got up for the purpose of speculation; it therefore affords us no common pleasure to be able to dissipate all such. This we do by stating that a Greek gentleman residing in this city, this morning called at our office, for the purpose of informing us that he had received a letter entitled to entire credit, from Corfu dated 5th of April, and another from Trieste dated 16th of same month, stating that on the 24th of March, a general battle was fought before Missolonghi, which terminated in a decisive victory on the part of the Greeks, and that Ibrahim Pacha was dangerously wounded, but it was not ascertained at that time whether mortally or not. So that our accounts received by the packet ship Desdemona, from Havre on the 10th of June, are substantially confirmed."

It is also stated that recent communications from our minister at Paris to his government, leave no doubt of the truth of the favorable news from the Greeks in respect to the raising of the siege of Missolonghi.

Farmer's Repository.

FROM THE AMERICAN FARMER.

COTTON SEED—*MANURE.*

Raleigh, May 6, 1826.

FRIEND J. S. SKINNER,

I promised some considerable time since, that I would inform you as to the mode, or manner in which "our farmers" employ their cotton seed as a manure. Well then, you and your subscribers, shall have all my experience and observation on the subject, gratis. It will be seen, from some of the former numbers of the American Farmer, that James Madison, formerly President of these United States, has observed, that "he should imagine the cotton plant was a great source of manure to the three oldest southern states, viz: Georgia, and North and South Carolina."—Well, he was precisely right, and the "warm-country plant" (as my old neighbor calls it,) is even more useful in that way, than Farmer Madison had ever supposed. To the subject then.

Attached to each gin, generally either *horse* or water, but most commonly the first, is a wooden trough, declining to the earth from the second story of the "*gin*" into a pen of "*mauled rails;*" well, the ginner, as fast as the seed accumulates, takes them up with a broad wooden shovel, and throws them into the pen by the aid of the trough very easily.—Here the cotton seed accumulates in a large mass, and receives all the winter's moisture, in the different forms of rain, hail and snow; the whole mass grows very warm, so that you can scarcely bear your *finger* in it—in fact, the *heap* goes through the three *regular* fermentations, viz: saccharine, or that which developes the sweetness; vinous; and at last, the putrid.

It is precisely this last which fits it for the operations of the field; and a shovel full of offensive cotton seed thrown round a rose bush in February, may enter into the composition of its "delicate petals" in midsummer—so wonderful and mysterious are the operations of nature, when directed by the hand of the Eternal one. The seed usually remains in the pen until about the last of *March*, or middle of April; it is then carried into the corn fields. The different modes of applying it are (as might be supposed,) as various as the changes of the weather.

The most common, and the most economical way, however, is to flush up the corn field in November, with Freeborn's patent No. 2, with a strong team, and let it lie over till the planting season; when the land is checked off, and a spade full of cotton seed thrown at the check, the dirt hauled over, and the corn deposited. The growth is rapid; the corn of a much more livlier green, than corn even on naturally rich ground. It is a fact, that I have seen old fields as nature made them, (I dont know that you have any,) such as bring pine saplings, broom shard, and other stinted vegetables, by the aid of this shovel full of cotton seed, produce corn which would equal that grown on Roanoke bottoms. It is the practice with some to open drills, in which they deposit their seed, and let them lie out all winter, and thus destroy the vegetating quality in this way, at the same time that the seed are in place against the ensuing spring. More on this subject at other time.

BUTTER.

In the dairies near Philadelphia is well known, that sweet butter of the first quality cannot be made from cream *quickly* produced from *fresh* milk, and that when the milk remains many days to produce cream, such cream acquires a pleasant taste that is imparted to butter.

Since the month of January my dairy people have been in the practice of always placing the pans containing the milk in water scalding hot. The oily parts, which constitute the cream, are by such means separated from the other ingredients and then from their specific light they of course ascend to the top in the form of cream. Cream thus obtained during the coldest weather in winter, in the course of about 24 hours after the milk has been taken from the cows. And the operation of churning such cream never exceeds twenty-five minutes. The pans remain in the hot water about 30 minutes. The butter has invariably been of a fine flavor, and of a beautiful yellow color; and from the nature of things, it never can be otherwise, unless the dairy women should be utterly ignorant of the art of making sweet butter.

It may not be amiss to state that the skim-milk under this process is a very pleasant beverage.

R. S.

From Smyrna.—Capt. Rich, of Boston, in 75 days from Smyrna, communicates the following intelligence:

Information had been received at Smyrna, from Mr. Washington, in the Greek service, that a strong fortress which commands Missolonghi, had been taken by Ibrahim Pacha, the garrison of which fled to Missolonghi, and as the Greeks in the latter place had only 15 days provisions it was expected that they would soon fall into the hands of their enemies. A Greek fleet was fitting out at Napoli with provisions and munitions of war for their army. The Greek cause was not considered hopeless, as they began to be united for the common cause, the country seeing themselves about to fight it out without the least assistance from foreign powers.

In Candia, nothing but the rock Cerabure remained in possession.

Napoli di Romania was still in Messrs. Washington and Miller were directing their way to Missolonghi. Mr. Miller was going to Gropont to join Fuvier Dr. was attending the Hospital at Mr. Allen had arrived in St. Bay. It is well known at St. by recent arrivals, that preparations were making at Alexandria and Constantinople for another expedition to the Morea against the Greeks.

In a new play at Paris, one of the characters came on the stage rubbing his hands, and exclaiming "Give me joy, my friend, I have obtained my pension." A pay officer in the pit, taking the matter rather too literally, cried out "You are a lucky fellow, I have been soliciting for mine these three years and have not got it yet." The police interfered, arrested the noisy locuter, and brought him to trial for disturbing the theatre. He however was acquitted.

In the National Intelligencer of Saturday last, we observed a table exhibiting a view of our Commerce and Navigation for the last year. From which it appears that the imports into the United States from Sept. 30, 1824 to Sept. 30, 1825 amounted to $96,340,075. Of which $91,902,512 were in American vessels, and but $4,437,563 in foreign Vessels. The amount of exports during the same period, was $99,535,288; of this amount $7,945,745 were Domestic, articles and $32,590,643 foreign. During the same period, the amount of tonnage which entered into and cleared from the United States, stood thus: Entered, American, 889,754—Entered, Foreign, 960,366—Entered, Foreign, 927—departed, 95,080—of Foreign Tonnage, 61,909 were owned by the British.—[*Baltimore Chron.*

JOB-PRINTING
Of all kinds neatly executed at

Elizabeth-City:

Saturday, June 24, 1826.

The Launch.—On Saturday last, the brig JAMES was launched from the ship yard of Mr. A. Fobes, jr. She glided handsomely into her destined element amidst the acclamations of a large concourse of citizens assembled on the occasion. She was built by contract for Capt. Perley, of Boston; burthen about 150 tons; and is spoken of in high terms for her beautiful model and superior workmanship. Mr. Barker, master builder. We are told she will be ready for sea in the course of next week.

It will be seen by our foreign extracts that a resolution introduced by Mr. Canning for modifying the Corn Laws had passed the House of Commons. The object is to open the ports for the importation of foreign Corn to the amount of 500,000 quarters. The law to last only two months.

The following communication which appeared in the Star about a year ago, is re-published by request.

FOR THE STAR.

MR. EDITOR—

SIR—A few days since I took a solitary ramble heedlessly strayed into a deep and silent forest---here seated, I amused myself in reflecting upon the growing importance of the American states. If the same ratio of increase which has governed them during the last fifty years should continue for the next hundred and fifty, I found by arithmetical circulation that their population would amount to many hundred millions.

Here said I are the arts and sciences to receive their highest polish, this will ultimately be empire's broadest base—civil and religious liberty are understood only on my native soil, and here only, are the faculties of man allowed to expand themselves, unfettered either by military despotism or religious intolerance. Occupied in those meditations, I became insensible to surrounding objects, and almost unconscious of existence.

I had not long remained in this situation when I fancied I heard the sound of advancing footsteps—I looked, and beheld a figure of more than human dignity standing before me. His masculine form evinced the vigor of manhood, although his locks were whitened with four score annual suns: wisdom and prudence predominated in his countenance, but did not obscure the playfulness of wit or the placidity of youth. He approached me, and in accents which dissipated the fears his unexpected appearance had created, thus addressed me. "Young man I am not insensible to the operations of thy mind, nor ignorant of thy devotion to thy country's good—accept me for thy guide and I will withdraw the veil by which futurity is hidden from thy anxious ken." Scarce had I assented, when I found myself suspended in air, floating in the immensity of space, surveying at a single glance one half our globe. So much was vision enlarged, that not only the prominent parts of the earth were discoverable, but the more inconsiderable tributary streams, towns hamlets and even single dwellings and individuals were plainly perceptible. From the St. Lawrence to the western banks of the Mississippi and thence to the mighty waters that divide our territory from eastern empires, I stretched my eager gaze and was astonished at the prospect presented. In all this vast extent were cultivated fields, many immense cities, and numberless smaller towns and villages—the massy forests that are now almost impervious to man, were no where to be seen, and that which remained of them, seemed destined only for ornamental or useful purposes.

Those immense reservoirs of limpid waters which are now the boundaries between the U. S. and British North America, floated upon their silver surfaces nomberless ships, charged with the products of every clime, their margins were skirted with towns and villages, which seemed to have sprang into existence by the hand of enchantment, and beyond these opened to my view an almost boundless extent of well cultivated farms. So dense was the population of the wide western prairies, now only a luxutiant waste, that the whole country seemed one continued city. The borders of the Mississippi now pestilential marshes destroying their annual thousands, in health and fertility, might vie with the teeming Delta, in the proudest days of Egyptian grandeur.

Beyond the Rocky Mountains the hand of civilization extended its influence, and there also were seen improvements in arts, agriculture and commerce, far exceeding the present most delightful regions—the head waters of the Columbia were united to those of Mississippi and boats, laden with the riches of other regions, proudly climbed the mountain tops, and seemed to spurn the resistence of nature herself—at the mouth of the former were seen the tall spires of a populous city, in wealth and beauty rivaling the present greatness of the proud London of America.

The present magnitude of our emporium of commerce, would sink into a village in comparison with the mighty city I beheld at the mouth of the Hudson. But the most delightful part of all this cheering vision was the universal happiness that pervaded all ranks of the American people—poverty and distress were almost unknown—joy and gladness resounded through all her realm.

Whilst I stood viewing this enchanting prospect with rapturous delight, and felicitating myself on the destined greatness of my native country, in the joy of my heart I exclaimed, ah, what is all the boasted grandeur of the nations of antiquity, compared with the wealth and power of America. But my guide repressed my triumph and said "be not too hasty my son in forming thy conclusions, but await the sequel."

Instantly all this fair scene was wrested from my sight, and in its place was nothing but dire distress in all the region but a moment before so grateful to behold.

Fields despoiled, exhibited a barren waste—those stupendous works of art which now beautify and adorn our country, were no where to be seen, and instead of industrious mechanics and peaceful husbandmen, throngs of lawless banditti prowled about the land, carrying terror and destruction in all their train.

The present splendid seats of wealth and commerce no longer astonished the beholder with the hum of business, the profusion of wealth or the gaiety of mirth—the adventurous merchant was unknown within their borders, and the nursling of the storm no longer found employment for his hardy enterprize.—The mighty city I saw on the Hudson was better traced by the magnitude of her ruins than the elegance of her structures or the number of her ships. The north arrayed against the south exhausted themselves in sanguinary wars, and when impotence produced the semblance of peace between larger sections, a predatory and more destructive warfare wasted individual states. Uncertainty of enjoyment paralyzed the efforts of industry and the whole extent of country fattened with the blood of its inhabitants was converted into a desert of luxuriant brambles.

Some of the states retained the appellation of republicans, and others voluntarily bowed their necks to tyrants; but all were alike destitute of real liberty and true happiness—no longer acknowledging themselves one nation, each state readily become the pander of a foreign foe and at the call of interest or ambition joined in subjugating its neighbor.

Terrified at a sight so deplorable, in the agitation of my soul I cried, and must this be the fate of my devoted country, better hadst thou remained in colonial subjection, much more happy had it been for thee if thy immortal Washington had sold thee in thy infancy to thy unfeeling oppressors, than to have given thee liberty only that thou mightest regret it, when lost forever—lighter, far lighter had been the yoke of a foreign despot than the chains of thy own forging.

Here again my guide interrupted me. "Such said he is the feebleness of man's intellect that he too hastily judges from present appearances—but a short time since, thy joy was as intemperate as is now thy sorrow—be patient and then shalt understand all thou hast seen, and that thou mayest know how much credence is to be given to my words, it is my duty to inform thee, that I am the etherial part, of what was once Benjamin Franklin—thou art not ignorant of my devotion to my country whilst I remained among you, nor is she forgotten since my departure.

It is not my province to predict her fate with prophetic certainty, but to declare the effects which must inevitably result from given causes. The exhibitions I have presented to thee represent the state in which America may be at no distance period—whether she will rise to the zenith of power and grandeur or sink into detestation must depend on herself. Should she submit herself to the government of passion, and no longer yield to the dictates of wisdom and virture, she will become a prey to intestine commotion and foreign invasion—liberty armed with fire and sword, is more destructive to good government, and produces a tyranny more grevious to be borne, than the most ponderous chains of the despot—when anarchy shall assume the authority of the laws there is no safety but under an unlimited sceptre—in the very constitution of thy country, are principles which although indispensible to freedom, may by attaining preponderance, destroy that liberty that gave them birth—the almost universal suffrage of the nation, may enable some insidious demagogue, under the imposing mask of public good, to forge their fetters whilst the people will bind them upon themselves with their own hands—gratitude for some signal service may induce a very dispassionate reward, as will ingratitude destroy patriotic fire—Hence the necessity of weighing with calmness and circumspection, every matter of public concernment.

Thou hast seen the direful effects of sectional discord; this principle though feeble at present, without mutual forbearance, great wisdom, firmness and integrity on the part of the general government as well as in state authorities and influential individuals, will ere long start into size enormous and bestride thy now happy America, carrying in its march devastation and dismay, its footsteps will be marked with smoking ruins, wasted fields, butchered peasantry, women and children flying naked and houseless thro' the country—such my son is no exaggerated picture of the distress of thy country, if she will not be wise.

But should wisdom and virtue govern her conduct and direct her counsels, the heart cheering picture I have presented thee will fall short of all the destined greatness of thy country—in arts in arms and in science she will excel all that have gone before, and her parallel shall be unknown in future ages, nor shall her influence and example be confined to her own territory, but extending first to her sister republics of the south, shall ultimately break the power of tyrants upon the whole earth.

The improvements in morals and politics so happily commenced, shall be consummated by dispelling the cloud of intellectual darkness in which the greater part of mankind are now groping—America although invincible in arms, shall in them be less powerful than in the wisdom of her senate and honored rather for her justice and equal laws than for her wealth and grandeur."

My guide paused. I will not attempt to describe the emotion I felt and will only add that such was the serenity of his countenance, his manner so mild and benignant that I remembered not that I was in the presence of a being of superior order, and was induced by that longing desire so natural to man to pry into futurity, to make some inquiries respecting the employment of departed spirits—but my guide assuming a severity of countenance hitherto undiscovered, replied, be silent young man and suffer not unhallowed curiosity to prompt thee to inquiries which concern thee not—thy maker has already revealed a sufficient knowledge of futurity for thy present purpose, believe and obey his word, discharge thy duty with fidelity and rest assured that when it shall be necessary for thy happiness, this information shall not be withheld from thee—chilled at this reproof and trembling for my temerity I awoke from the reverie.

UMBRA.

Weekly Summary.

The Honorable Nathaniel Silsbee of Boston, has been chosen United States Senator, for the State of Massachusetts, in the place of the Honorable James Lloyd resigned. He is spoken of in the Boston papers as a gentleman of extensive commercial information.

Several benevolent individuals of New York are proposing to send a cargo of flour to the suffering laborers in England.

The Secretary of War requests individuals interested, to forward by mail as soon as practicable, schedules of their respective claims on France, Naples, Holland, and Denmark, for illegal captures, or illegal acts, since the year 1805.

Commodore PORTER arrived at Vera Cruz from New York on the 15th May. He writes to a friend that nothing could be more delightful than his accommodations and his voyage altogether, every provision having been made for the comfort of himself and his party, by orders of the Mexican government.

Slave Trade.—This most atrocious and disgraceful traffic is still prosecuted, it would seem, with the greatest activity. It is asserted that at least *sixty thousand Africans* have been sold from the coast of Africa during the last year. It ts added that the English squadron on the African coast has captured and liberated three thousand six hundred slaves, within the last twelve mounths.

[*Balt. American.*

An Irishman named M'Cartney, was a few days since (in Boston,) sentenced to the House of Correction for three months, as a common drunkard. The next day he put and end to his existence by *cramming a stocking down his throat.*

[*Noah's Adv.*

The examination of ZACHARIAH FRIZZLE, charged with the murder of *Bennett Fentress*, in Princess Anne County, on the 28th March, came on yesterday before the County Court,—He was remanded for trial before the Superior Court, at the September term.—[*Nor. Beacon.*

Expeditious Travelling.—Mr S. P. Desnoyers, a merchant of this city, (says the Detroit Herald,) arrived on Monday, in the Henry Clay, having travelled from New-York to Detroit, a distance of 750 miles, in *six days* and *twenty-three hours*, including a detention of six hours at Sandusky.

A public meeting has been called in New York, for the 19th inst. to adopt measures for the relief of the suffering inhabitants of England, Ireland, and Scotland.

A Manchester paper estimates the number of unemployed persons in the manufacturing districts of England, at about 200,000.

Mr. Gallatin, Minister to England, and family have taken passage in the packet ship Florida, Captain Tinkham, which sails from New York for Liverpool on the 1st of July.

A London paper says, nothing more fully proves that Fortune is blind than her giving 50,000l. in Prizes to two members of Parliament who voted against Lotteries.

Novel Fraud.—A merchant in New-York, inquiring for his letters at the post office last week, was surprised on hearing a stranger ask for them, giving the name and number of the box accurately, and paying for the letters. The merchant asked the man by whose authority he came for the letters: the man returned a confused answer, gave up the letters, and made his escape in the crowd. One of the letters contained a bank check for $8,000, which would have been paid on presentation.

NAVAL.—The U. S. Ship *John Adams*, Capt. WILKINSON, having Mr. WILLIAMS Charge des Affaires, to Guatamala, on board, arrived at Carthagena, 6th May, and sailed 8th—all well.

The U. S. Ship *Hornet*, Capt. WOODHOUSE, and Schr. *Grampus*, Lt. Com. CASSIN, sailed from Matanzas, 5th inst. on a cruize.

The U. S. Schr. *Shark* was spoken 15th ult. off Cape Cruz, by the Brig Gannet, Robinson, at New-Orleans, on a cruize—all well.

The U. S. Schr. *Hornet*, Captain WOODHOUSE, was to sail from Pensacola 20th ult. on a cruize. The U. S. Schr. *Fox*, Lt. Com. WILSON, from Matanzas, arrived 4 days previous.

The U. S. Ships *North-Carolina*, *Constitution*, and schr. *Porpoise*, were at Gibraltar 2d May.

The U S. sloop of war *Lexington*, Capt. W. B. SHUBRICK, sailed from N. York on Monday last, bound on a cruize.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening the 6th inst. by the Honorable Caleb Perkins, THOMAS TILLETT, Esq to Mrs. DEBORAH GRAY, both of Camden county, (N. C.)

On Tuesday, the 9th ult. Master LEE AMOS, aged 15 years, to Miss MARY ROBERTS, aged 22 years, both of Hartford county, Md.

State of the Atmosphere for the week past.

Saturday,	82	82	83
Monday,	80	85	86
Tuesday,	76	83	82
Wednesday,	76	82	79
Thursday,	76	79	82
Friday,	72	77	77

Marine News.

PORT OF ELIZABETH-CITY.

ARRIVED.

23rd, Sloop Daniel, Smith, from Baltimore.

CLEARED.

23rd, Schr. Ceres, Pearson, Port Antonio, staves and shingles by A. Williams.

" Flag of Truce, Etheridge, Charleston, and Savannah, corn by Wright & Williams.

To clear to-day, Schr. Olive, Dunlap, Boston, staves by A. Fobes, jun.

Schr Philinda, Linnell, W. Indies, flour, corn, staves shingles and tar by A. Fobes, jun.

Schr. Jones & Samuel, Best, St. Lucia, staves and shingles by H. N. Williams.

Estate of Mark Tailor.

At the June Term 1826, of Pasquotank County Court, the subscriber qualified as Administrator to the estate of Mark Taylor, deceased.—All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment; and those having claims against it, will present them for settlement within the time limited by law, or they will be barred of recovery. ASA McCOY, *Adm'r.*

Elizabeth-City, June 24. *Tf*

PROPOSALS

BY JAMES A. PATTERSON,

For publishing in the town of Fayetteville, a Weekly Newspaper, under the title of the

North-Carolina Journal,

TO BE EDITED BY

JOHN A. CAMERON.

PROSPECTUS.

To a reading and intelligent community, it is deemed unnecessary to make an apology for calling their attention to the prospectus of a new publication like that of a newspaper. If that which we design publishing, and to which we respectfully invite public notice, be worthy of patronage, we shall confidently hope to receive it: if otherwise, as we shall not merit, so neither shall we expect it.

The *North-Carolina Journal*, will, it is hoped, be found an useful vehicle of correct and interesting information to all classes of readers in the community: The Merchant, the Agriculturalist, the Politician, the man of science and the polite scholar, will each find something to interest, instruct or amuse him. The earliest and most correct commercial intelligence which our means of information will afford to us, shall be given, and we shall enrich our columns with such essays on Agriculture, as shall be deemed most Judicious. Every aid which we can give the subject of Internal Improvements and Domestic Manufactures, when they are encouraged by Constitutional means, we shall most readily and cheerfully impart, but we are decidedly hostile to that system which would build up one branch of industry at the expence of others, or tax one part of the country for the benefit of another.

While we open our columns and invite free and full discussion on all subjects connected with the interests and happiness of society, it must be distinctly understood, that they are never to be defiled by any thing impure, irreligious, immoral or personal. We shall ourselves, on all proper occasions, speak of public men & public measures, with perfect freedom, but shall be careful never to wound the sensibility of private character.

Educated in profound veneration for the Federal Constitution, our regard for it has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. It is truly the sheet anchor of our political safety, and we shall ever cling to it with unceasing affection through every vicissitude. While it is administered in the spirit in which it was conceived, it cannot fail to secure to us peace and happiness at home and respectability abroad; but we are emphatically hostile to that latitudinarian interpretation which would make it mean any thing or nothing, as ambition policy or convenience might suggest. A liberal exposition of the powers that are delegated, but shall ever raise our voice against the exercise of powers *not* granted.

With respect to the present administration we have only to say, "that we shall judge of it by its fruits:" while it aims at the honor and happiness of the country, and makes the Constitution its polar star, we shall award it the meed of our humble applause; but watching its course with the jealous eyes of freemen, we shall not fail to notice, and to mark with *sufficient distinctness* every aberration from that line which we think should be pursued.

It shall be a principal aim and design in the *Journal* to assert the claims which the state of N. Carolina has to a distinguished rank in the scale of the Union, arising from the considerations of her character, her mental, moral, and physical strength. In pursuance of this we shall endeavor to develope her resources, to demonstrate her capabilities, to make a faithful and just exhibition of her various claims to distinction, and to arouse the dormant spirit of her pride which has too long slumbered.

These are the leading subjects which our intended publication has in view. We wish to have a paper *devotedly* North Carolinian—breathing the same spirit which animated the patriots of Mecklenburg in 1775. We are attached to no men or set of men, and acknowledge no party but that of our country. If a generous public will uphold us in our undertaking we shall endeavor to answer their just expectations.

The *Journal* will be printed on an Imperial sheet with new type, and will be the largest and cheapest paper in the State.

☞ The first number of this paper will be issued on the 3d May, should the materials which are now preparing, arrive in due season.

*** Neighboring editors with whom we exchange, will oblige by giving the above an insertion or two.

March 22, 1826.

TERMS.

Three dollars per annum payable in advance. No subscriptions will be received for a less period than twelve months.

POETRY.

SELECTED.

[FROM THE PORT FOLIO.]

THE BUD OF SPRING.

The wintry blast is gone and o'er,
The fanning zephyrs bring
On perfum'd gales from FLORA'S bow'r
The fragrant Bud of Spring.

The chilling frost, the cheerless gloom
Have fled on low'ring wing,
And genial skies unfold the bloom
Where slept the Bud of Spring.

Schuylkill! beside thy classic stream
My Muse oft trimm'd her wing,
To one whose smiles in youth's gay dream
Were like the Bud of Spring.

The wintery storm no longer near,
The birds enamour'd sing;
The landscape gay, and vale appear
Gemm'd with the Bud of Spring.

But! to the heart opprest by woe
Can aught a pleasure bring?
Within that heart, how sad to know
There is no Bud of Spring.

No Bud of Spring! oh yes, behold
Yon throne where seraphs sing
Their hymns of praise with harps of gold,
There blooms the Bud of Spring.

Charleston, S. C. E. J.

THE SAILOR.

BY SELLECK OSBORNE.

The weary sea bird screams afar;
Among the waves dire omens sweep;
From the veil'd sky no friendly star
Beams on the undulating deep!

Hark! from the cliffs of distant shores,
The loom* emits his distant cry;
The wave portentous warning roars,
And speaks the threatening tempest nigh.

What guardian angel's watchful power,
Shall snatch me from the angry deep,
Or bid in that tremendous hour,
The demon of the waters sleep:

Or who if on some desart wild,
I drift, weak, famish'd and distress,
Shall hush the sorrows of my child,
And Sooth Lavina's wounded breast.

Sweet objects of my early love!
For you with aching heart I mourn;
Far from your peaceful vale I rove,
Ah! hopeless ever to return.

Yet should it be my happy lot
To hail again my native shore,
Secure within my humble cot,
I'll brave the restless deep no more.

His prayer was heard, the rolling barque
Rode thro' the storm with stubborn pride;
And William, blithe as morning lark,
Flew to his sweet enraptur'd bride.

Yet Will, with love and liquor warm,
Ere yet a month had passed in glee,
Forgot the terros of the storm,
And singing, squared away for sea.

* The loom, according to St. Pierre, is a dismal kind of bird, which, especially on the approach of a storm, perches on the cliffs and promontories of the shore, and utters a noise like the shrieks of a drowning man.

ON A LADY WHO HAD A REMARKABLY LONG NOSE.

Once on a time, I fair Dorinda kiss'd,
Whose nose was too distinguish'd to be miss'd:
Says I—my dear, I fain would kiss you closer,
But tho' your lips say yes, your nose says—no sir.

Another Sleeping Preacher.—We copy the following article, says the New York Commercial Advertiser from the Onondaga Register, of Wednesday last, the editor of which is personally known to us as a gentleman of character and veracity We are thus particular, that the reader may rely upon the truth of what is stated.

There is at present to be witnessed in the town of Otisco, in this county, an instance of what Doctor Mitchel calls "*devotional somnium*," scarcely second to the celebrated case of Rachel Baker.—*Simeon Watson*, a hard laboring industrious man aged about 30, of athletic habits, and sanguine temperament, about a month since commenced preaching in his sleep. The *fit* (as it is unquestionably a disease) commences immediataly after laying down in the evening and continues until the usual religious exercise of a meeting are concluded. Mr. Watson is a pious, respectable member of the Baptist society, and during the past winter has been much engaged in an awakening which has existed in that vicinity. Soon after retiring to rest he apparently falls asleep. In a few moments he is seized with strong spasmodic contractions of the muscles of the chest and limbs—always groans and sometimes as if in great distress: and when this paroxysm subsides, commences preaching, or rather praying. Our informant terms it preaching, because in his "somnium" he always terms it so himself, whereas Miss Baker when in that state always declined having her exhortation termed preaching, assigning the reason of St. Paul, that women ought not to teach. Mr. Watson commences with a prayer of ordinary length—then names some passage of scripture as a text, from which he discourses fluently, and quite connectedly, and closes with another prayer. He is totally insensible as to what is passing around, nor can he be awakened until the paroxysm leaves him. Some at first were sceptical; but trials were made sufficient to convince the most incredulous. During the existence of the paroxysm his hands are so firmly clenched together as deeply to indent them with his fingers, and cause the blood to stagnate under his nails. Miss Baker's hands used to be motionless by her side, yet she, like Mr. Watson, used to move her head on the pillow as if addressing an audience. In the midst of an exhortation, Rachel would pause to answer a question, and then correctly proceed but Mr Watson cannot be diverted from his subject. In short, this state of the human body, and mind must be deemed one of great singularity and interest; and one which, as it has never been fully investigated and explained, opens a wild field for the religious and philosophical enquirer.

The following affectionate valedictory we extract from the Madison Ch[illegible]

Don't trust her!!!—Whereas, about three months since, I took to my bed and board *reputed* widow Damaris Conklin, whom I supposed to be as chaste as an icicle, and virtuous as the goddess Diana—and whereas since my intermarriage with the said *reputed* widow, I have learnt that she has other husbands living, on whom I presume all her love and affections are placed, as she has exhibited none towards me—and whereas, the said Widow Conklin has frequently wondered from the path of rectitude and conducted herself in that unbecoming manner, that my breast has been filled with jealousy, my days with trouble, and my nights with sorrow—and whereas, I wish to live the life of a good and peaceable citizen, instead of being *hen pecked*, and being tormented with an *insatiable* wife, whose conduct is a disgrace to her sex. Now, therefore, be it known, that, without the formalities of the law, I have separated myself from my *unruly rib*, and all the good people are cautioned against trusting her on my account, as I will hereafter, pay no debts of the contracting of the said Widow Conklin. I have no objection to her being harbored by any of my fellow citizens, but as to paying any of her debts I will not. I now enjoy myself remarkably well, being out of the reach of tongs, broomsticks and ladles, and sleep quietly in my own shop, having none to molest or make me afraid.

JONATHAN DAN, Jr.

Eaton 11th April 1826.

New Gold Mine.—A gold mine has recently been discovered in montgomery county, North Carolina, one mile east of Yadkin river, on Beaver dam creek, on land owned by Mr. Angus Chisholm. The discovery was made in the latter part of last summer: but it had not been extensively worked until the present season. For some weeks past, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty hands have been kept constantly at work; each hand finds on an average from 3 to 8, and sometimes 15dwts per diem; it is supposed by many to be one of the richest mines in the State, the pieces found are generally round solid and very pure, though not very large. One mile east of the above mine, there is another known by the name of Crawford's Mine, where the gold is found on the top of a considerable mountain. Mr. King, an enterprizing gentleman from Georgia is at present employed in constructing machinery for the purpose of washing out the gold more expeditiously than in the common way. A German gentleman, we understand, has been employed for the same purpose at Barringer's mine, in Cabarrus.—[*Fayettville Observer.*

We have received a marriage notice for publicatiop, appended to which is the followiog provisor "This couple were married on condition that the usual fee be paid the justice within one month, otherwise the contract to be void!" Excellent. This penalty is enviable.—[*Yates Republic.*

Patrick Magee, the Irish Giant, after exhibiting himself to his heart's content, has taken to vending grog in the city of Philadelphia, where every one disposed to have a sight can get it for sixpence and a drink of good whiskey into the bargain.

GETTING WET.

This accident is at all times less frequent in towns than in the country, especially since the use of the umbrella has been introduced.

When a person is wet he ought never to stand, but to continue in motion till he arrives at a place where he may be suitably accommodated. He should strip off his wet clothes, to be changed for such as are dry, and have those parts of his body which have been wetted well rubbed with a dry cloth The legs, shoulders and arms, are generally the parts most exposed to wet: they should, therefore, be particularly attended to. It is almost incredible how many diseases may be prevented by adopting this course, Catarrhs, inflammations, rheumatisms, diarrhœas, fever and consumptions, are the foremost among the train which frequently follow an accident of this kind.—[*Med. Int.*

Xenophon commended the Persians for the prudent education of their children, who would not admit them to effeminate their minds with amorous stories and idle romances, being sufficiently convinced of the dangers of adding weight to the bias of corrupt nature.

PRICES CURRENT.

Elizabeth-City, June 24, 1826.

Bacon—8 a 10 cents per pound.
Butter—25 cents per pound.
Brandy Cogniac—$1 50.
Do. Apple—60 cents.
Rum—West-India, 80 a 85
Do. New-England, 42 a 45.
Gin—Country, 45.
Do. Holland, $1 a 1 12½.
Gunpowder—per keg $7.
Whiskey—33 a 35 cts.
Corn—per bushel 60 a 65 cents.
Wheat—50 cts.
Chocolate—per pound, 18 a 20 cts.
Candles—Sperm, 42 cts.
Do. mould, 14 a 16 cts.
Do. dipt, 10 a 12½
Cheese—8 a 9 cts. per pound.
Coffee—18 a 19 cts.
Flour—per bbl. $5 50 a 6.
Lard—per pound, 8 a 10 cts.
Meal—per bushel, $1.
Molasses—per gallon, 31 cts.
Pork—per bbl. $10 a 13.
Sugar—per cwt. $9 a 10.
Salt—Liverpool, 50 cts.
Do. Turks-Isl. 55 a 60 cts.
Shingles—Building, $2 50
Do. Sale, $1 50.
W. O. Hhd. Staves—$18 a 20.
R. O.—do. do. $10.
Bbl. Staves—$6 a 7
Oil—Linseed, $1.
Oil—Sperm, 75 cts.
Oil—Fish, 40 a 45.
Rice—pr. 100 lbs. $3½ a 4.
Tobacco—plug, 15 a 16.

W B MICKS

Having taken the store formerly occupied by Saml. Jackson, at the corner opposite Mathew Cluff's and the Eagle Tavern, offers a general assortment of GROCERIES called for in this market.

He has also fitted up the adjoining room as a Drug Store, & offers for sale a general assortment of DRUGS and MEDICINES, for cash or produce in advance.

Elizabeth-City, Jan. 21.

Southern Boarding House IN NEW-YORK.

WILLIAM ALBERTSON

Formerly of the City Hotel, Elizabeth-City, N. C. having removed to the city of New-York, has taken that commodious boarding house No. 65, Barclay-street, known by the name of the MONTGOMERY HOUSE, recently occupied by Mrs. Godwin, intends continuing it as a BOARDING HOUSE for the accommodation of transient as well as yearly boarders.

Barclay-street, on which the Montgomery House is situated, (four doors above Greenwich-st.) leaves Broad Way opposite the Park; it is wide and airy, and not more than ten minutes walk from Pearl or Wall-sts. and for pleasantness of situation as a cool, healthy summer residence is not perhaps excelled by any in the city—where families and others desirous of spending a few weeks or months can be accommodated.

The proprietor having an extensive acquaintance at the South, and being desirous to gratify the appetites of all, has determined to blend (in furnishing his table) some of the customs of the *South* with those of the *North*; conscious that by adopting this plan he will be enabled to give general satisfaction—he solicits public patronage from all quarters.

May 13, 1826.

☞ The Editors of the Raleigh Register and Edenton Gazette are requested to insert the above once a week, two months, and forward their accounts to this office for settlement.

Books and Stationary.

5000 Receipts—Life of R. H. Lee, in 2 vols.

Life of La Fayette—Gourgaud's Napoleon—Jefferson's Notes on Virginia—Marriage, by the author of Inheritance—Tales of the Crusaders—Napoleon's Expedition to Russia—Burns' Works, complete—Lights and Shaddows of Scottish Life—Milton's Works—Cook's Voyages—Pope's Works—Wreath—Self Knowlede—Reid on the Mind—Decision—Mason's Monitor—Pocket Testament, neatly bound—Domestic Cookery—Pocket Bible—Mason's Farrier—Watts' Hymns—blank Books—Infantry Exercise—Playing Cards, of the first quality—and a variety of small Histories and Pamphlets.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Goldsmith's History of Rome—Do. History of Greece—Murray's Grammar—Do. English Reader—Do. Introduction—Morse's Geography—Testaments—Looking Glass—Dictionaries—Scott's Lessons—Arithmetics—Copy Books—Chronology—Table Books—Slates—Pencils of various kinds—Sand Boxes—Primers of all kinds—Writing Paper—Ink—Quills, &c.

WM. D. GORDAN, Agent.

Elizabeth-City, May 13.

JUST RECEIVED

Per schr. *Leo*, from Demarara, *Jane Maria*, from Grenada, and brig *Mary Hart*, from Tabago

116 puncheons Rum,
79 hhds. prime retailing Molasses, for sale by the subscriber.

ALSO,

Received by schr. *Eliza Ann*, from Boston, 7 dozen Spinning Wheels.

And in Store,

100 barrels of first quality cut Herrings—with a great variety of other articles.

Alpheus Fobes, jun.

Fobesville, may 27.

JUST RECEIVED

Per schr. Ino from N. York, and for sale by the Subscriber

40 bbls. Flour,
40 do Whiskey,
20 do Pork, (prime.)
6 tons Iron, (assorted sizes.)
600 lbs. Cotton Yarn,
1500 do Coffee,
30 kegs Nails.

And in Store,

A general assortment of Goods suitable for the season, for sale low for Cash or produce.

Barney Tisdale.

Elizabeth-City, June 10. *Tf*

MASONIC.

Eastern Lodge meets every first Monday night in Elizabeth-City.

JOB-PRINTING

OF all kinds, neatly executed at this *OFFICE.*

Spring Goods.

The Subscribers have just received from Baltimore via Norfolk, and from N. York direct, per schr Widow's Son and Joseph & Watson, a part of their

Spring & Summer Goods,

—consisting of the following articles—

Extra blue and bl'k superfine Cloths,
Blue, drab and buff Cassimeres,
Panama Cambrick and fancy Prints,
Callicoes, a large assortment,
4 and 6-4 cambrick Dimity,
Cotton Cambrick & cambr'k Muslins
9 8 & 6-4 mull Muslins, very sup'r;
Plain and fig'd 4 & 6-4 book Muslns,
Do. do. jaconett ditto.
Blue, pink, lilac and brown striped Gros de Naples,
Bl'k plain Gro de Nap., very sup'r,
Black, lilac, pink and blue ditto.
White, blue, green & pink Florence,
Bl'k Sarsnett, and Italian Silk,
White and black Italian Crape,
Black Nankin and Canton ditto. and crape Handkerchiefs,
Black, white, green and pink Gimps,
A good assortm't of Taffeta Ribbons,
Black Bombazeens and Bombazetts,
White and colored Marseilles,
Brown and French Drills,
Regent's silk striped Drilling (a new article,)
White, brown and yellow silk strip'd Drilling,
Irish Linen and linen Sheeting,
Russia Sheeting & bird's-eye Diaper,
German silk and cotton flagg H'k'f's,
Ladies' and gent's white cotton Hose,
Do. do. woodstock Gloves,
Ladies' white and bl'k horse skin do.
Clark's spool, floss & sewing Cotton,
Tapes, Pins, Needles, Thread, &c.
Ladies' bl'k morocco thick and thin soled Shoes, superior.
Do. seal skin do. do. do.
Mens' fine and coarse calf skin ditto.
French Brandy, Holland Gin, old Jamaica Rum, Teneriffe and Malaga Wine, Apple Brandy, Whiskey, N. E. Rum, Flour, Tobacco, loaf lump and brown Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Raisins, &c with a good assortment of Crockery and Hardware—and will continue to receive supplies monthly to keep their assortment complete, which will be sold for ☞ READY PAY ONLY.

Wright & Williams.

Elizabeth-City, may 27.

FLOUR, PORK, &c.

Family, Superfine, Fine and ✕ Middlings } FLOUR.
Mess, Prime and Cargo } PORK.

Rum, Whiskey, Apple Brandy, Coffee, Molasses, N. Orleans Sugar and a general assortment of *Dry Goods* and *Groceries*, to be sold very low for ready payment by

Mathew Cluff.

Elizabeth-City, April 22.

Sperm Oil,

And CLARET WINE in bottles and on draught just received and for sale by

WM. D. GORDAN, Agent.

April 29.

JUST RECEIVED

On consignment from New-Jersey, one single and two double GIGS—which will be sold low for cash, during this and the ensuing week.—They may be seen at Mr Relfe's Tavern. *ASA ROGERSON.*

June 3. *Bl.*

JUST RECEIVED

Per schrs. Philinda, from St. Lucia, and Cordelia, from Barbadoes.

49 hhds. good retailing Molasses, and 3 do. of Sugar.

Alpheus Fobes, jun.

June 3

FOR RENT.

The Store and Warehouse on Road-street at present occupied by Messrs. *John A. Shaw, & Co.* For terms apply to

June 17.

John McMorine.

Alpheus Fobes, jun.

Has just received, per schr. Olive, from St. Martins, and for sale

2 hogsheads
2 tierces and
44 barrels } SUGAR.

June 17.

Blanks for sale at this office.